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MAY-DAY ECHOES.

Reports of Several of the Demonstrations.

New York's Mammoth Turn-out and Clear Voice—Sparks from Syracuse, Boston, Clinton, Paterson, Greenpoint, Pittsburgh, Braddock, West Newton—The Demonstration in Pittsburgh Pronounced the Grandest yet held in the State.

New York City celebrated May Day in a manner and style surpassing all its previous efforts on that date. An imposing parade, headed by Patrick Murphy, member of the National Executive Committee, S. L. P., and of the General Executive Board, S. T. & L. A., as Grand Marshal and closing with the D. A. 49, S. T. & L. A., division, started from the Labor Lyceum at 8:30 p. m., wended its way through the downtown West Side districts of the city—a region that had never before been paraded through—as far up as 36th street, and then moved eastward till it emptied itself into and filled the Union Square. There the mammoth assemblage was called to order from the main stand by Lucien Saulai, who in terse and impassioned language gave a sketch of the development and significance of the International May Day demonstrations. Barnes, of Philadelphia, De Leon, Hanford, Arthur Keep, Vanderpoort and Alvan S. Brown were the other speakers there.

The following declaration and greeting was adopted amid tremendous cheers:

The Socialist workmen of New York City, in mass meeting assembled to celebrate May Day, and greeting to their fellow Socialists throughout the world.

The Socialist International, founded at Paris in 1889, is already greater than any single political aggregate of conflicting economic classes misnamed a nation. Every day adds to its strength and intelligence. In every country its class-conscious proletarian armies are victoriously marching to the conquest of the public powers. Its American contingent, numbering only a few hundred some years ago, was 82,000 strong at the full election of 1896, and at its present stupendous scale the figure will soon number a million.

Capitalism is doomed. With its "Anglo-Saxon," "Franco-Boss" and "Triple Alliance," with its insatiable class greed, its ineradicable class corruption, its murderous rule and violent class conflicts, it represents war, riot and despotism on a far more stupendous scale than the feudalism which it supplanted.

The 20th century is dawning. Away with barbarism! Onward to civilization! From San Francisco to Moscow, from Cœur d'Alene to Caranau, the cry is rising: "Proletarians of all countries, unite!"

Behind the main, there were three other stands on the Square, one more English, and two others from which addresses were delivered in the German language and the Yiddish dialect respectively.

The second English stand was located on the 4th avenue side of the Square. From there speeches were delivered by Hunter, Rosenblath, Wagner, Rothkopf, Collins and Wright.

From the German stand, located on the Broadway side of the Square, there spoke Paul Flaeschel, Peter Eichiger, Adolf Jablonski and Rud. Grossmann.

From the Jewish stand, Dr. Halpern, Seidel, Feigenbaum and Lawn addressed a large crowd.

At a late hour this memorable demonstration broke up with loud cheers for the Socialist Labor Party.

IN SYRACUSE, N. Y. May Day was celebrated on Sunday, April 30. A large audience gathered in City Hall and was addressed by Daniel De Leon.

IN BOSTON, MASS. May Day was celebrated by a large meeting, addressed by J. Mahlon Barnes, of Philadelphia, on Sunday, April 30.

IN CLINTON, MASS. A magnificent May Day demonstration was held on Sunday, April 30, with David Goldstein, of Boston, as the speaker. "The meeting was very enthusiastic. Comrade Goldstein's recommendation that Section Clinton, instead of spending \$10 a month for an additional club room, expend the amount by sending THE PEOPLE for three months free to the citizens of this town until every one of the 11,000 citizens have had our party organ in their homes for at least a quarter of a year, bids fair to be adopted. We distributed 600 copies of the May Day issue of THE PEOPLE, which is the best way to kill all opposition to us. This is the opening wedge of our campaign. Comrade Keilard speaks here May 27.

J. P. McDONALD.

IN PATERSON, N. J. a grand May Day rally was held with Maguire and Katz as the speakers.

IN GREENPOINT, N. Y. the Socialists celebrated May Day in Eckford Hall with Allan, Patterson and Felder as speakers.

IN PITTSBURGH, BRADDOCK AND WEST NEWTON, PA. imposing May Day demonstrations were held. The biggest of all was held in Pittsburgh. The celebration there was the largest and grandest yet held by the Socialists in the State. The miners came in from all parts of the District.

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HOW S. L. P. VOTES

Affect the Capitalist Press and Kindred Spirits.

NEW BRITAIN, Conn., May 4.—The capitalist class and their henchmen of this city have, since the election when the S. L. P. elected 5 of its candidates and polled such a large vote, been acting as though sitting on a griddle over a hot fire.

First they blustered, then they taffied. Their bluster and their taffy is taken, by the unterrified, uncompromising comrades, for what it is worth—nothing.

The mouthpieces of capitalism, the daily papers, attempt to catch us with honeyed words, but it is "Nay, nay, Pauline," with the comrades.

When we had but 166 votes, the press said, in 1896: "Oh, they are all Jews"; when we had 414 votes, they said: "Jewish votes in our city did it"; Comrade Goldsmith, at the time, pointed out that there were only 86 Jewish voters in the whole city; since then that cry of the papers has been a standing joke, so much that one great big Hibernian shouter yelled out from the street, after the news of the Socialist victory: "THANK GOD, I AM A JEW!" Now, when we get 711 "Jewish votes" out of a total poll of 2,151, it would appear as though a great many "Wandering Jews" must have voted early and often.

The "Social Debauchery," through its collection of freaks in Hartford, sent a letter congratulating us on our victory, attempting to insinuate they were of our flesh and blood, supposing thereby to gain recognition. Our Organizing was instructed to return the letter with the endorsement that "we do not accept congratulations from labor fakirs." The first one of those American Socialists "that we catch here we will cage and place on exhibition as the only genuine American ever imported from Russia."

In New Britain there will be no going astray. Four years of work and trial for Socialism has left memories of struggles in the shape of scars on ourselves, and traces of care on the faces of our wives, that we will never forget. We will push the knife deep. Up to date several pigs have had cause to squeal. We have caused a stir in some circles that has given rise to bad odors in consequence. It makes quite a difference when the proletariat becomes the kicker instead of the kicked, and the advance guard of the proletariat in New Britain is now banding out some kicks that the capitalist class will find are but "love taps" in comparison to those handed out by the rest of the forces in time to come.

CHAS. E. PATRICK.

The work of the Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance in the Pittsburgh district of the miners has been so effective that the local of the pure and simpliers could no longer pay rent and has to meet in private houses, while the S. T. & L. A. and the S. L. P. are going to build a hall of their own. The fakirs are on the run and the tollers are at last coming to their true friends: a year or two more and there will be a wonderful change in the State of Pennsylvania.

This interesting item of news comes from Wardner, Idaho, where the miners, starved out by Democratic and Republican, Gold-Bug and Silver-Bug stockholders, are on strike for better conditions:

"The detachment of Federal troops, that arrived here this afternoon to quell the miners' riot, comprises seventy-five men of Company M, Twentieth Infantry, under Capt. Bachelor. They carry fifteen days' rations and 2,000 rounds of ammunition. MANY OF THE SOLDIERS ARE VETERANS WHO FOUGHT AT SAN JUAN."

Thus we see the Spaniards and Filipinos are being used for dummies to practise on. In the conflict with these, "our soldier boys" are to be trained for their real work,—the work of shooting down the workingman in America. The fight in Cuba and the Philippines is not the real thing,—the real thing is the fight in America.

What workingman, whose ears can at all be reached by the Socialist propaganda, is there who on election day could henceforth cast his ballot for the political coolies of their capitalist exploiter and thus help enthroned either the Democratic or the Republican agents of the capitalist class.

Smash them both with the Arm and Hammer of the S. L. P. vote!

BOSTON MACHINISTS.

Boston Machinists, S. T. & L. A., was organized April 24, 1899, will meet the second and fourth Mondays of the month at Homestead Hall, 727 Washington street, Boston. All machinists are invited to join and roll up the membership.

W. R. DYER, Secretary, Olive Place, Boston, Mass.

SOCIAL CONTRASTS.

Which We Are Striving to Wipe Out.

Look at this Picture,

Bulletin of Luxury!

A DUEL OF MILLIONS

Two men of millions in a duel of dollars for the possession of a picture, raising each other's bid \$1,000 or \$2,000 at a time, was the exciting sport which an audience of other men of millions gazed upon in Chickering Hall.

The star performers were William A. Clarke, Montana's "Copper King," and George Gould, also one of an American style of monarch—the "Railroad King."

The audience that watched this duel for the possession of Fortuny's masterpiece, "The Choice of a Model," was made up of such men as Collis P. Huntington, J. Pierpont Morgan, John D. Rockefeller and other noted figures in the world of finance.

"The Choice of a Model" represents a group, supposedly of artists, critically surveying a nude woman. It is only a small picture—32 by 21 inches—but worth much more than its weight in gold.

George Gould's last bid was \$41,000, and when the "Copper King" made it \$42,000 the son of Jay Gould withdrew from the fight. So the picture goes to the Clarke residence on Ninety-first street.

Collis P. Huntington gratified his aesthetic taste by securing Troyon's "The Lane" for \$13,700; Baudry's "Fortune and the Child" for \$6,500, and his "Breakfast in the Old Convent," \$6,900.

Other prices paid were, \$11,500 for Van Marcke's "Cows in the Valley Touques," also secured by W. A. Clarke; \$10,700 for Zamacois's "Check-mated," by a dealer; \$9,000 for Meissonier's "End of a Game of Cards"; \$12,500 for Meissonier's "The Stirrup Cup"; \$12,000 for Troyon's "Cow Among the Cabbages," and \$15,000 for Leibl's "Village Politician."

The grand total of this Stewart collection was about \$400,700, an average of about \$3,150 for each picture. Standard Oil certificates of par value of \$100 sold to-day in Wall street for \$100. The trust of which John D. Rockefeller is president is paying nearly forty per cent. dividends.

LUXURIOUS ELEVATORS.

Satin-Lined Cars Used in the Houses of Millionaires.

Little boudoirs on wings is the appropriate description given by an enthusiastic Frenchman of the elevators he found himself invited to enter on arriving in the very new and sumptuous houses of his American hostesses. In fact, so agreeable an impression did these elevators have on his receptive and appreciative Gallic mind that he is going back to Paris to preach the benefits the elevator will confer in the tall French houses. So far in Paris there is but one of these conveniences known, and that has been recently fitted into the splendid town residence of the Countess Castellane. In the great houses of our American millionaires the elevator is becoming the rule and not the exception, especially so at Newport and in New York City, where a foot of land is worth a small fortune, and the houses are rearing their heads more loftily every year.

The exceeding usefulness and beauty of the private elevator has never been more clearly demonstrated than in the great Astor mansion on Fifth avenue, especially when an elaborate entertainment is in progress. One of the chief beauties of this admirable dwelling is the grand staircase, that sweeps up from the very doors of the marble vestibule to the great hall opening on to the picture gallery. At night, when palms and candles shed alternate light and shade along the crimson carpet, silver rods, and carved balustrade, this is the very choicest spot on which to display gracefully gorgeous toilets. Therefore, when the women in their wraps and fur boots are set down under the porte cochère, they are led to one side of the vestibule, a gridded door slides back, and six at a time are ushered into the snug little elevator ever seen.

Its floor is covered with a velvet carpet of the warmest cerise tone, and, being octagon shaped, four of the sides are made of plate glass mirrors framed in gilt, and four sides are panels of tufted cerise satin. The roof is built of gilded iron, wrought in odd shapes and partly filled in with rose-colored glass, over which a spray of electric lights spring. By this device the interior of the car is filled with a tender, becoming glow that every woman keenly appreciates, as she does also the six comfortable seats the elevator contains and the fact that she was saved the necessity of parading in her wraps like a chrysalis up that splendid stairway.

A solemn young man in powdered head and court livery guards the electric lever and the travelers in the elevator, all of whom are landed on the third floor. There they are ushered into a dressing room, wraps are removed, toilets touched up, and the charming butterflies are ready to meet their male escorts and join the gay procession moving down the great stairway.

And then at This.

Bulletin of Misery!

WALKED MANY MILES.

The Smiths Journey from Hartford in Search of Work.

Joseph Smith, 30 years old, his wife Bessie, 27 years old, and their seven-months-old daughter, who had come here from Hartford, the man and woman walking and pushing a baby coach in which the little one rode, were applicants for assistance at the office of Superintendent of the Poor Brennan, Sunday, says the Bridgeport "Standard." The man and woman were tired and worn by their long tramp, but the little one seemed to be immune from the effects of cold weather, for it was strong and cheerful.

Smith and his wife, who could no longer pay rent because the husband had not had work for months, left Hartford at 9 o'clock, Wednesday evening. They were hungry and without means, and driven to desperation, decided to start out to look for a future home wherever the husband could find employment. They walked all Wednesday night and until 8 o'clock, Thursday morning, when they were given food at a farm house near New Britain. They had wandered off the route which they had intended to follow, and on being directed aright they struck out for Meriden. Thursday night they were given food and shelter at a house on the outskirts of Meriden. The next day they walked the 18 miles to New Haven. It was some time before they secured a place to sleep, and it was late at night when they lay down to rest.

Saturday was spent on the road between New Haven and Milford. Before leaving New Haven the husband looked about for work, but could not find it. Saturday night, a farmer who lives near Milford took the wanderers in. Yesterday, they walked here, arriving late in the evening.

Superintendent Brennan provided for their wants over night, and, Monday morning, they decided, after a long conference, that Mrs. Smith should go with the baby back to Cromwell, her childhood home, while Smith should continue to travel on in the hope of finding work at which he can earn enough to support them. Superintendent Brennan sent the mother and child to Cromwell on the 12:30 train. The parting at the depot was a sad one.

Smith said that while they were walking they suffered more from rough roads than from the cold. Very fortunately, the weather was clear all of the time they were traveling.

HORRIBLE DISCOVERY.

Four Members of a Family of Six Found Dead of Starvation in Marlboro.

Last Saturday morning Edward L. Underwood moved his family from quarters in the old Cotting Building on Main street to a tenement house in rear of the Frye currying establishment, with approach from Chestnut street. The day was an exceedingly stormy one.

The family comprised E. L. Underwood, his wife, daughters, Olive and Frances, son Guy, grand-son John Clifford, and a boarder named Robert McMullen.

Olive was employed in the J. A. Frye shoe factory and worked therein until last Saturday night.

She was not at her work on Monday, D. A. Davidson, employed in the factory went to the house with some clothing to take Mrs. Underwood to wash, and found such a condition of misery and squalor that he reported it to Policeman Hartnett who visited the house. A gruesome scene awaited him—one which in way of misery, destitution and squalor would have made many an older policeman turn pale.

In the kitchen he found Mrs. Underwood, son Guy, and Robert McMullen all in a semi-unconscious state. In an adjoining room the most appalling spectacle which ever met the young officer's gaze was presented. Stretched on an old mattress lay the bodies of the father, daughters Frances and Olive and John Clifford, Olive's son, 2 years old, all cold in death. The bodies were covered with a very scanty supply of clothing and their personal attire was very limited. The unsettled condition of the household goods added to the picture of desolation and poverty.

"Two years ago, in Illinois, not far from the scene of the recent mining troubles, three hundred miners with their families offered to go into voluntary slavery for the rest of their lives to the mine owners, provided they were given food, clothing and shelter for so doing. To those who doubt this story I may say that a postal sent to the office of the United Mine Workers at Columbus, Ohio, will soon convince them. Of course the offer was refused by the mine owners, as the constitution of the United States forbids CHATTEL slavery, and the contract would not have been binding. The fact is that chattel slavery never paid the capitalists of America half so well as wage slavery does, and they would not return to the former system, even if they could."

"YUNEYUN WRECKERS."

The Conduct of Men Who Use the Union for Profit.

BALTIMORE, April 20.—A second "association" of pop-sucking sycophants who raise aloft an alleged banner of "labor" has been formed here—as fore-shadowed in my communication of April 9; this time, however, with the open and avowed purpose of endorsing the Republican candidate for Mayor, while the first one was to endorse the Democratic candidate. The Republican candidate is one of the largest employers of labor in the city, and "gives us work," is the slogan of these Iscariots of the working class.

The initial meeting took place April 13, and there was a great outpouring of those who already have City Hall jobs and those who want the jobs the other fellows hold. Consequently, there was great enthusiasm, the "ins" vying with the "outs" in their mad endeavors to show the "Mahster" that they, too, had influence with "Lay-bour."

But the "yuneyun" was on hand conspicuously. Whatever befalls in this campaign, the "yuneyun" is going to get it—in the neck.

Read the array of talent from "Organized Laybour," and judge for yourself what "Independent Polit-e-cal Axshun," "on trade union lines, too," means.

Below is a report, taken from a daily paper, of how it started:

Frederick Weber, of Cigar-makers' Union No. 1, presided, and W. C. Stintz, of the same union, was secretary. Joseph D. Stevens, a machinist, opened the meeting with a happy little speech, declaring himself to be an independent in political matters. "I came here in the interest of the workingman," he said, "and to let the people of Baltimore know that we don't agree with what those fellows at Reheabite Hall did last Saturday night. I am a workingman, and would not endorse any such action. How many men in politics or business have the moral courage that Mayor Mahster has? He is the man of the people. [Tremendous applause.] Why am I an independent workingman, speaking in defense of Mayor Mahster to-night?"

"Because you are an honest man," was the reply from different sections of the hall.

See how the "yuneyun" jumps into recognition? See how "the happy little speech" of the machinist fixes independence? The "happy little speaker" has an illustrious example to emulate in the person of Rueskamp, the other machinist who is now one of the "ins," with the important difference that the "happy little speaker" is one of the rank and file, mainly "rank," while Rueskamp was, at the time of "getting in his hooks," the "Press-e-e-e-e-e of the Yuneyun." You see, the h. l. s. has a great handicap to overcome, consequently his "happy little speech." Mr. Weber of "Cigar-makers' Union No. 1, who presided," is another evidently obscure member of the skate tribe, but Mr. Stintz, the secretary of the meeting, has a title that ought to bring a plum or two his way. He is the "Secretary-Treasurer" of the "yuneyun." These are men who speak of "a solid phalanx" of labor, of "solidarity," of "stick to the label, it is our only Weep-on."

Let's take a look into these things, and see where the members of this Cigar-makers' Union stand on these toy phrases.

The Hayes (Democratic candidate for Mayor) fakirs, except THE Workmen's Association, have announced, over the signature of their secretary, Gustav Meehan, a member of this same Cigar-makers' Union, a "great mass meeting in the interest of Hayes AND Good Government," at which the "following noted Laybour men will speak":

James Duncan, J. J. McNamara, Gustav Meehan, George Heath, James H. Sullivan, John W. Ringrose, Chas. A. Cullen, H. L. Elcheiberger.

All of this, with a single exception, carry a bulky title in the "Army of Laybour." But we are just now concerned with the cigar-makers only.

Thus we have members of the same "yuneyun" engaged in the sham battle of "Independent Polit-e-cal Axshun" for the benefit of their capitalist oppressors, while one of their own numbers, Theobald Meyer, a man who stands for Independent Political Action THAT MEANS SOMETHING, i. e., class-conscious labor political action, is a candidate for Mayor on the Socialist Labor Party ticket.

Weber, Stintz and Meehan are members of the Cigar-makers' Union. They are separated in two personal factions of the capitalist army. They stand for the election of either "the largest employer of labor" and, consequently, the largest exploiter of labor, or the man who drew up the City Charter, the man who placed property rights in the law above human rights. Both of these candidates are self-avowed capitalists. Conscious of their class interests, if elected they will stand for the capitalist class.

Now, I ask, who are the "yuneyun" wreckers? Meyer, who stands for union principles, for the interests of the working class as a whole, or Weber, Stintz, Meehan, et al., who stand for the political triumph of capitalism?

Tremble, ye Judas Iscariots, for the judgment of the future!

ARMAND HAMMER.

Keep an eye on your wrapper. See when your subscription expires. Renew in time, it will prevent interruption in the mailing of the paper and facilitate work at the office.

"YOU IS SLABES."

Key-Note to the Situation in Homely Negro Idiom.

The Cost of Conducting the Capitalist Government is an Incident of Capitalist Domination, and the Burden thereof, by Retributive Justice, Falls upon the Capitalist Class Slicing-off its Stealings and Reducing its Sources of Enjoyment.

On a plantation down South one Sunday in the summer of 1856, were gathered a body of slaves.

They were in a hot discussion over the question, of how much more of the good things of life they would have, if their master did not have to pay such large salaries to the Overseer, Lawyer, Business Agent, Guards, etc.

One old white-haired darky got off the following:

"I dess about tells you all its laik dis; Mar's Clark, he all right, but he done got to mek we uns work hahd, deyre ain no odder way. But I done tells yer, dat ef he didn't hab to pay so much to dish yer overseer, an lyar, an busness agen, he would let we uns hab a better time. Dats what I tells yer—den things cost a heap sight too much money."

A younger looking darky said, at this point:

"Dats all right, I knows, but Mar's Clark ain de bestest man you dun say he is. He doan care wedder we likes a better time er not. What I wants to disapplicate about am dis, dat I bleeves dat ar overseer, an dat ar lyar, an dat ar busness agen gets too doggone much money. Dats what ah says—ef we didn't hab no overseer den de boss wouldn't hab to pay one, den we wouldn't hab toe work so hahd, case den, de Mar's wouldn't want dat ar money. But lee in favor of cutting down dier pay. We meks it all an ef dey doan get so much den we doan work so much. I say lets agertate for littler pay for dese yer overseers, an guards, an lyars, den we won't hab toe work so hahd."

Suddenly a voice was heard exclaiming: "Oh, go way nigger. What you talking bout?" All eyes were turned in the direction of the last speaker, who was a large strapping "buck." In a little while, seeming satisfied that he had attracted the attention of the crowd, he began:

"Dish yer ole nigger he say, Mar's Clark's all right; dish yer fool nigger, he say, dat alu so: den bofe niggers say dey works so hahd case Mar's Clark pays dem ar overseer, an lyar, an guards so much money. Go way niggers, you all's crazy; dats wat you is. You tink Mar's Clark goin to let you work any shorter time 'cause he doan hab to pay such big salary to overseer's an what all? Go way: he keep dat hisself. Ya, you is niggers, Niggers, NIGGERS. Dats wat you is—you is slabes, dats wat you is. Wha for der he overseers, ef you want slabes? Wha for der he guards, ef you want slabes? Wha for der he lyars, ef you want slabes? You hear me? YA. You is fools. You is slabes; slabes need overseers, nus hab guards an lyars. Mar's Clark got toe pay for em, 'noderwise you all won't be slabes. You unnerstan me? What diffrence it meks to you how much de overseer gets? What diffrence it meks to you how much dese yer guards an lyars gets? Wedder dey gets little er big you is still slabes. YA. You is slabes. Wha for bodder 'bout how much it cost to keep you slabes?"

Just then the overseer rose in sight, and the meeting broke up. Let the workingman of to-day read "Capitalism" for "Mar's Clark"; "Government" for "Overseer"; "Guard" and "Lawyer" for "Slave"—he is a wage slave—and he can readily see how little the question of the cost of "Government"—i. e., taxation—concerns him.

ARTHUR KEEP.

New York.

BOOKBINDERS' MASS-MEETING.

A mass meeting of bookbinders' manufacturing shops will take place at D. A. 49's hall, 475 Pearl street, on Friday, May 5, 8 p. m. Speakers: Henry Kuhn, Arthur Keep and Daniel De Leon. All manufacturing bookbinders are requested to be present.

The English translation of Karl Marx' "Eighteenth Brumaire," that some time ago ran through THE PEOPLE, is now to be had bound in an elegant volume of 78 pages, with Marx' picture as frontispiece. No Socialist, even though he be no student, and no student, even though he be no Socialist, can afford to be without it. Apply Labor News Co., 147 E. 23d street, N. Y. City. Price, 25 cents.

A third 5,000 edition of the pamphlet "What Means this Strike?" is now out. Its large sale is a gratifying sign of the times, and it is an evidence of the class of literature that is most useful and, consequently, best called for.

